Little Fox Readers

Level 4

Thumbelina 2

Thumbelina's New Home

Little Fox

Mrs. Marigold took very good care of Thumbelina.

"You are tiny, so I must keep my eye on you," said Mrs. Marigold.

Every morning she took Thumbelina into the garden. Thumbelina liked to sit next to her mother.

"Give me a rose seed, dear," Mrs.

Marigold said one day.

"I'm strong, Mother," Thumbelina replied. "I can pass you three."

Gardening took much longer with her daughter helping. But Mrs. Marigold didn't care. She was happy to have Thumbelina.

Her daughter also liked to help Mrs. Marigold cook.

“Thumbelina, pass me the salt,” Mrs. Marigold said one day as she made dinner.

“This salt shaker is heavy,” gasped Thumbelina. “But I can do it!”

Thumbelina pushed the salt shaker to Mrs. Marigold. On hot days, Thumbelina loved playing in the water. One afternoon Mrs. Marigold filled a bowl with water.

Then she set the bowl on the windowsill. Soon Thumbelina was floating in an acorn shell, singing happily.

A toad was hopping along outside, and it stopped under Mrs. Marigold's open window. "What's that beautiful sound?" the toad, Mrs. Burp, said to herself. "It's coming from that window."

So Mrs. Burp jumped onto a flowerbox under the window. She peeked around a flower and looked up.

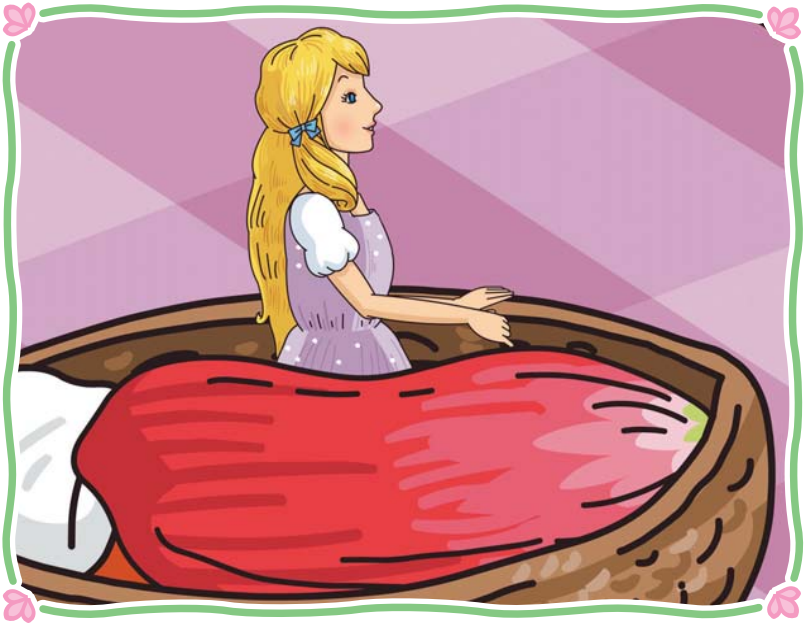
"Why, it's a tiny girl with an angel's voice," said the toad. "She's very pretty too."

Mrs. Burp returned to the flowerbox many times. She wanted Thumbelina to

marry her son.

Thumbelina's bed was half a walnut shell. Every night Mrs. Marigold filled the shell with flower petals for Thumbelina's blanket.

"What kind of blanket would you like tonight, dear?" Mrs. Marigold always asked.



"Tulips, please," Thumbelina always replied. "They're my favorite."

One night Thumbelina asked, "Mother, may I sleep near the window tonight?"

"Why, my sweet daughter?" said her mother.

"I want to see the stars."

"Of course," replied Mrs. Marigold.

She put Thumbelina's bed on the sill of the open window.

"You make me so happy, darling," her mother said as she tucked her in. "Good night."

"Mother, you make me happy too," said Thumbelina. "Good night."

Mrs. Burp was hiding in the flowerbox.

She waited until the lights went out.

"Now's my chance," croaked Mrs. Burp. She jumped onto the windowsill, grabbed Thumbelina, and jumped out again.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Thumbelina. But it was too late.

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